

MAORI TATTOOING.

Tortures Which the Women Undergo During the Process.

English explorers and scientists have brought back a series of remarkable specimens of Maori tattooing from the islands of New Zealand. The most astonishing designs are found on the faces of the women.

The faces and bodies of the women are so covered with these blue marks that they look as if they had on a tight fitting white dress.

The instrument employed in tattooing to obtain the deep furrows is usually made of bone, having a sharp edge like a chisel and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe. Another style is made of a shark's tooth.

The tattooing of the women is commenced when about the age of fifteen or eighteen and continues until they reach middle age. Most of the masters of the art are professionals, who go from village to village and are highly paid for their services. The pattern about to be engraved is first outlined on the face with a small stick dipped in powdered charcoal, after which the skin is washed, and the coloring or pigment is introduced into the cut flesh with a stick dipped into the liquid.

The coloring material used is generally the resin of a certain tree, which is burned, powdered and converted into a fluid.

The First Measure of Time.

It was the moon and not the sun which first suggested to mankind the circle of the year as a measure of time. The sun exhibits no changes of appearance, and his light obliterates all the landmarks of the sky. A luminary which is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow might give rise to conceptions of perfection and eternity, but beyond the alterations of day and night it could suggest to men's minds no abstract measure of time. But with our humble satellite it is far otherwise. The regularly recurring phenomena of new moon and full moon are too marked to escape the attention of the most obtuse and unreflecting of savages.

The motion of the sun may be compared to that of the minute hand of a clock, sweeping in an hour without leaving much record of its comparatively vast journey. The progress of the moon, on the contrary, may be likened to that of the hour hand, which registers the movements of its companion and resolves them into twelve well defined periods.

Two Views of the Same Question.

A noted bishop in order to point a lesson in humility sometimes tells a story of a young clergyman whose first appointment was to be an out of the way and poor parish.

On his first Sunday in this new station the young man as he looked over his wretchedly clad and ignorant congregation could not help saying to himself, with a groan:

"Dear me, what a dreadful thing it would be if I should have to stay here any great length of time."

At the end of the sermon a deacon made a prayer. To the young man's horror one part of the prayer was a benevolent hope that "this ignorant, inexperienced, barren pastor had lately come to the parish might improve and grow learned and fruitful in good works, so that he would come to merit being kept on there for awhile."

The Pillow of the Italian Peasant.

The Italian peasant girl as soon as she has learned to spin and sew begins to make her wedding trousseau. Thence she takes her place in the world, and she has put into it all her finest stichery and sweetest thoughts. As soon as she is a bride she makes a bag of fine muslin. This she begins to fill with rose leaves. Each year adds its share. When she dies, perhaps an old woman full of years, it is this rose pillow that her head rests on. In this calm acceptance of life and preparation for the great events of life, such as marriage and death, there are time and soul for the blossoming of fancy which we, stumbling, hit and miss, through life, do not furnish.

Why Dumas Laughed.

Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing boisterously in his study and was told by a servant that Dumas was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was "in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirits. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense, realistic, analytical school so easily diverted.

An Irish Squire's Advice.

An upstart Irish squire went to an old squire for advice as to sending a challenge.

"Heavily of Loughlinstown," said he, "has threatened to pull me by the nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?"

"Has he really used that threat?" asked the squire.

"Well," said the squire, "I'll tell you what to do—soap your nose well and it will slip through his fingers."

Perhaps the most contemptuous declaration of a challenge was that of an Irish gentleman of the old school. "Fight with him!" he exclaimed. "I would rather go to my grave without a fight!"—Kansas City Independent.

Masks and Faces.

Masks are of very ancient origin. In a tomb 3,000 years old at Mycenae, Schliemann found two bodies with faces covered by masks of gold. One of the masks represented the head of a lion. Among ancient Greeks the lion mask was a sign of distinction. With the Persians of old it was a mark of royal lineage. In a grave of considerable antiquity in Peru a silver mask was found on the head of a mummy.

The reign of Ramesses II. discovered in a small vault at Memphis, in Egypt, had a mask of gold laid over the face.

Quickly Arranged.

A Chicago mother, on hearing that her sister had received a new little girl, said to Lillian, her little daughter: "Lillian, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt. Papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"What's the matter, Bill? You look kind of weather beaten this morning."

"That's exactly what I am. I bet \$5 it would rain yesterday, and it didn't!"—Chicago Tribune.

Believed.

Spartacus—Has Cusmo that same old itching after office?

Smartacus—No. He was a candidate and everybody scratched him.

DOING THE GRAND ENTRY.

How a Circus Horse Enjoys His Part of the Performance.

The experiences of a farm horse that unexpectedly joins a circus show circus is described by Sewell Ford in "Horse News." Calico is the name of the horse. At night he has a hard time pulling the band wagon over the country roads, but he thoroughly enjoys his part in the performance under the main tent. The author describes Calico's feelings as follows:

Ah, that grand entry! That was something to live for. No matter how hard the roads or how hard the hills had been, Calico forgot it all during those ten delightful minutes when, with his heart beating time to the rat-tat-tat of the snare drum, he swung prancingly around the yellow arena.

It all began in the dressing tent with a period of confusion in which horses were crowded together as thick as they could stand, while the riders dressed and mounted in frantic haste, for to be late meant to be fined. At last the ringmaster clapped his hands as a sign that all was in readiness. There was a momentary hush. Then a bugle sounded, the wagon was thrown back, and to the crashing accompaniment of the band the seemingly chaotic mass unfolded into a double line as the horses broke into a sharp gallop around the freshly dug ring.

The first time Calico did the grand entry he felt as though he had been sucked into a whirlpool and was being carried around by some irresistible force. So dazed was he by the music, by the hum of human voices and by the unfamiliar sights that he forgot to rear and kick. He could only prance and snort. He went forward because the rider of the outside horse dragged him along by the bridle rein. Around and around he circled until he lost all sense of direction, and when he was finally shouted out through the dressing tent flaps he was so dizzy he could scarcely stand.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He Showed the Widow Why It Was Too Late to Marry.

After the ship which had come from New York, which was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. McCarthy and break the news of the death of her husband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it:

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy," said he. "Is Denny in?"

"Denny? That surprised woman. 'My Denny? No, he's not in. Is the ship here?"

"Sure it is. And Denny's not got home yet? That's queer—unless something has happened him."

"What would happen him?" Mrs. McCarthy asked anxiously.

"There's plenty of things can happen a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurt or he might have took sick with the fever. But there's one chance, as Father McGinnis said once, and that is that time he's 'yit' grief."

"What do you mean, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I mean that if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a few months after it happened as you would right at the time, would you?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. McCarthy. "I mind when I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, you say, in a few months it was easier to get over."

"Then, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be glad to know that it's now four months—nearly five—since Denny died. Sure, it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd known it at the time."

Spain's Migratory Sheep.

There are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumants, and their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all enclosed and private property. The sheep have their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

Bribery in Elections.

Bribery in elections is an ancient if not a honorable custom. This is shown in the case of Shrewsbury, England. An extract from Pary's "Parliaments and Councils of England" of a case of bribery, with its punishment, in 1571 shows how long the pernicious custom has been in practice: "Thomas Long, a very simple man and unfit to serve, is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the mayor of Westbury and under 14 for his place. They are ordered to repay this sum, and a fine of £20 is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury for their scandalous attempt." One can imagine the indignation of those inhabitants of Shrewsbury who received no bribe having to pay a fine for those who did.

Queer Looking Worms.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands, as well as portions of the Hawaiian group, are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "me-ta-luk," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Two Courses Open.

Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a spindly, snarling, unimpaired, vociferous and intimate friend of Moliere to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his snail, replied, "If there is anything in him I'll make him a barrister; if not I'll make him a judge."

He's Still a Bachelor.

It was at a social. The young woman said on starting home that she needed something more around her. The young man borrowed a shawl. He is still a bachelor. She is now the mother of three interesting children.—Richmond Missourian.

Blighted Earthly Hopes.

If you want a boy baby, don't let the stork know it, or it will bring a girl. You will find, by the way, that some influence stork's the stork's has followed you in all your desires.

BIG PICTURE ADS.

Painting Them Requires Little Skill, but a Great Deal of Patience.

When a man walking along the sidewalk sees another man suspended fifty feet above him painting a nostril six feet long or an eyelash five feet long, the chances are ten to one that the pedestrian will stop a moment to wonder how the painter, with his face so close to the picture, can get the exact proportions of the human face, says the New York Times. If any one has tried to paint a human face, the information would be received with a laugh of scorn. Yet it is no uncommon thing for an ordinary sign painter to be employed to paint a picture of Jim Dumps or William Penn or any other face used for advertising purposes.

Why is this? Simply because it is merely a matter of measurements and accuracy and requires no artist's skill. The pedestrian on the pavement doesn't see it, but the whole wall on which the picture is being painted is laid off into a number of squares, made by intersecting chalk lines. The exact spot in each of these lines where the tip of the nose or the toe of the foot shall be is as fixed as is the day for the next eclipse of the sun.

A visitor asked the head designer in an outdoor advertising firm if it wasn't hard to get men skilful enough to paint these exaggerated pictures.

"The other day," replied the designer, "I got a man who had never painted anything but letters in his life to put a face twenty feet high on a wall, and he did it as well as it could be done."

Then he showed how the only part that took any skill was done in his own office. First he or some other designer drew a small picture, about quarter life size, on a piece of square cardboard. When this was done, the piece of cardboard was divided by pencil lines into sixty-four squares, so that its form was just like that of a checkerboard. This was given to a painter, and it was told him that each square on the paper meant one fifteen feet square on the wall.

Then it was easy for the painter to lay off with colored chalk squares of the required size on the wall. When he began to paint, he took the designer's drawing with him. There were explicit directions as to colors and the kinds of brushes to be used. Then it was only a matter of proportion. If the nose occupied half a square on the paper, it occupied half the corresponding square on the wall, and if the button of the coat was at the intersection of two pencil lines, it must be at the same intersection of the chalk lines.

The designer said that it was a very common occurrence for him to send one man to finish a picture that another man had begun. Once he had three men painting the same figure, taking turn about until the job was complete. It occupied half a square on the paper, it occupied half the corresponding square on the wall, and if the button of the coat was at the intersection of two pencil lines, it must be at the same intersection of the chalk lines.

"It's purely mechanical," he said. "If we catch a man using his own ideas or trying to display any originality, we get rid of him immediately. Suppose a man took a notion into his head to try a few fancy strokes and we had to put another man at it the next day. Wouldn't that picture be a pretty mess?"

The average painter of large pictures earns about \$20 a week. A larger salary is very rare. It is never hard to get the man you want, the designer says, because anybody that is used to a paint brush and can make measurements is able to do the work.

Facts About the Bible.

Twenty-eight huge volumes of the British museum catalogue contain nothing but titles of different editions of the Bible and commentaries upon it.

Two Bible societies, one in London, one in New York, have printed 250,000,000 copies of the whole book or part of it in a hundred years. There are similar societies in other cities and countries, and many private firms have printed Bibles for commercial profit.

But for the work of these societies we might never dream that more than 350 languages or dialects are spoken and read in the world. The London society alone has used that number.

Only about one-third of all the Bibles printed in London are in English. In the east districts are especially numerous. Dr. Riggs, the missionary, has heard twenty different lingoes in one crossing of the footbridge over the Golden Horn at Constantinople.

For Armenians and the Bible must be printed in various fashions—Armenian in Turkish script, Armenian in Greek script, Armenian in what is called the Armenian character, besides that for Armenians who no longer speak their own language.

The Limit of Big Ships.

By passing onward from Bremer size to larger size the transatlantic ship companies have in the past been limited by the size of the ships. It is determined by many observers to be the limit in ship equipment. In the new ship of the White Star line, the Cedric—which made its first appearance in New York harbor in the latter part of February ice clad and ponderous, after a maiden voyage from England—a capacity is afforded for over 2,000 passengers in addition to a crew of 335.

The decks of the vessel rise above the water line in a series of steps, and the ship is backed up by the various compartments as the only method of competition now that the ship combines have become so far-reaching and effective, but it is believed by ship experts that the Cedric is the maximum possibility.—Collier's Weekly.

Tommy's Quick Answer.

"Tommy," said an uncle to his precocious nephew, "your mother tells me she has to give you pennies to be good. Do you think that as things should be?"

"Of course it is," replied Tommy. "You certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you, uncle?"—Clums.

Quite Fabulous.

"That foreign gentleman is said to have fabulous wealth."

"That's what it is," answered Mr. Cumro; "fabulous wealth. I don't believe \$50 of it is genuine."—Washington Star.

Man's Adaptability.

Jimble—There's something wonderful about man.

Jumble—So well adapted, for instance, to carry an umbrella.—Boston Transcript.

Japanese Girls are named not after flowers, but after animals. Only in awhile one may meet a Miss Dog, Miss Cow or Miss Deer.

AN INGENIOUS ROBBERY.

How \$100,000 Was Stolen From an Irish Stagecoach.

In the first quarter of the past century it became necessary for the Bank of Ireland, at Belfast, to send a large sum of money in notes to its branch at Armagh to meet a special requirement there, the amount to be remitted being almost £20,000.

Only two coaches were open to the management to effect this, one being to send a special messenger in a post-chaise and the other to send the consignment by the mailcoach. The latter was the mode of transportation chosen. The coach left Belfast on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 o'clock noon, returning from the archiepiscopal city each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

On the previous afternoon of the day in question a stranger called at the coach office and booked four inside seats to Armagh, paying for them in advance. Just prior to the starting of the coach two men only put in an appearance, explaining that the other two passengers would join them en route at a place beyond Lisburn. The mailcoach was in charge of John Byers, an old and trusted servant of his employer and the premier "whip" on that coach line.

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Famous Picture in Danger.

Art circles are much perturbed over the prospective fate of the famous picture by Tintoretto representing "The Glory of the Blessed in Paradise," which occupies the whole of the east wall of the hall of great council in the palace of the dogs. This enormous painting, said to be the largest in the world, extends over a space of about 2,140 square feet and covers a fresco painted by Guariento in 1400.

The wall and of course the fresco were much damaged by the fire which broke out in the palace in 1577. The defects in the building, which have now been discovered, have aroused some fear lest the wall covered by Tintoretto's "Paradise" may be seriously cracked. Orders were given for the picture to be removed, and a committee of Venetian artists began the difficult task. They were, however, soon compelled to desist and reported that owing to the very bad condition of the painting its removal was almost impossible.

The choice is offered either of spoiling the picture in order to examine and repair the wall or of sparing the Tintoretto and risking further danger to the fabric of the palace of the dogs.

Interviewing Oom Paul.

Pauline, a girl who has been on one occasion to interview Oom Paul Kruger and met with about the same fate that many interviewers have had with the former president of the Boers.

He found the old man in a very bad humor and could get only monosyllables in reply to his questions. He employed every art of the interviewer, but to no avail. Finally, despairing of getting any information of use to him, he decided to question him, he determined to be diplomatic and approach Mr. Kruger from his family side. So he asked, very nonchalantly:

"Is your wife entertaining this season?"

Short and sharp came the gruff answer:

"Not very."

And the interview closed there.

The Cat and the Doughnuts.

This is a true story, says a writer, that my grandmother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise and found that the cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it sat its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught, they acted very guiltily.

Why Frenchmen are Small.

It is said that the unusual size of the French and their physical shortcomings as a nation are due for the most part to the heavy drain made upon the race by Napoleon. All the able-bodied men were enrolled in his service, leaving none at domestic or business pursuits except the extremely youthful or the aged. From this drainage of the blood and destruction of the sinews of the race France has not yet recovered.

Another Tender Heart.

Clara—Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?

Dora—We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know!—New York Weekly.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Kingsley—You say you like colored servants better than white because they are slower. How is that?

Mrs. Bingo—It takes them longer to leave.—Town and Country.

Even absurdity has a champion to defend it for error is always talkative.

—Goldsmith.

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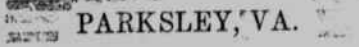
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